

Home Mission Department.

For the Christian Reflector.
AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION ROOMS,
November 26th, 1841,

AGENCIES.

Brother Otis Briggs is prosecuting his labors, in his usual indefatigable manner, in North Carolina and a portion of Virginia, but finds the pecuniary embarrassments of that region still prevalent, and his collections are consequently small. He nevertheless, finds an increasing interest among the people in Home Mission operations, and thinks the foundation is being laid for more efficient action hereafter.

Brother John Peck, the General Agent, is in the State of New York, where he finds the same ready co-operation among the Churches which has, so many years, been manifested in Home Mission affairs. It is expected that he will find constant employment in his department, during the ensuing winter, in the city of New York or the State of New Jersey and some other places further south.

His Report for the last three months, detailing the course of his travels, visits, and success, (which has been encouraging) is very interesting, but, as the result of his collections have been, or will be printed in the Treasurer's Monthly Reports, and the space allowed us in the columns of the papers is insufficient for the publication of the whole letter, we must content ourselves with merely stating that he has traveled over 881 miles, attended 1 State Convention, 5 meetings of Missionary Boards, 4 Associations, and visited 19 churches. During which time, he has delivered 42 sermons and addresses?

We regret to add that, in consequence of a fall from which he received some injury, he was unable to perform the duties of his agency for 10 days. He is now better.

MISSIONARY LABORS.

Extracts from the Correspondence of Missionaries.

STEPHEN KENNEDY, Vernon, Illinois.—"I am happy to inform you that we now have an Association on the Wabash, friendly to benevolent institutions. It is called the Palestine Baptist Association. The formation of this body is an event to which I have been looking forward with great solicitude, and I now feel that we are prepared to begin to carry out in a feeble manner those principles which have been so long trampled under foot in the Wabash Valley. The Association is an auxiliary of the Illinois Convention, and during the session recently held at Lamotte, several important resolutions were passed in favor of Foreign and Domestic Missions, the Bible Society, &c. Since the anniversary, the Lord has visited the neighborhood with the special influence of his Holy Spirit. Many are anxiously inquiring: 'What shall I do to be saved?' On the 30th Oct., I held a meeting at a house which was crowded to overflowing. At the close of the meeting 26 persons requested prayers. The Churches of the Association are all in a good state of feeling, but need pastors very much. There is but one ordained minister besides myself among them, and he is so old and feeble that he seldom goes from home."

My field is too extensive for me, and I feel that I am unable to take care of the Churches. My pecuniary circumstances, also, are a heavy drawback on me and will be until some favorable circumstances may occur to relieve me, when I hope to enjoy the great pleasure of giving myself up entirely to the service of the Lord and the Church."

J. S. SMITH, Monticello, Louis Co., Missouri.—"During the quarter I rode, to fulfill my appointments, 800 miles, preached 42 sermons, and baptized 26 persons. For about two weeks just passed, I have been incessantly engaged day and night with two of the Churches which I supply, and which are enjoying a glorious refreshment from the presence of the Lord. They are exceeding thankful that the Lord has put it into the hearts of the Executive Committee of your Society, in so distant a part of the land, to loose the hands of their minister so that he may give himself wholly to the work of the ministry."

A. P. WILLIAMS, Lexington, Mo.—"I have had a short conference with a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the subject of baptism. His church claimed the victory, but ours gathered the spoils. Seven Presb.-Baptists have since joined us, of whom five were Methodists."

JAMES PEPPER, Dexter, Michigan.—"Accept my thanks for the sympathy you express for me and my family in our affliction. Sickness, my brother, will not cause me to abandon my unhealthy station, (I know I am willing to endure this in the cause of Christ,) but I fear a want of support will. All I ask is enough to support my family and pay my debts. Of this I have given substantial proofs; for while far more advantageous situations, in temporal respects, have been offered me, I have clung to the Churches of Unailla...and Dexter. Yet I have not lost my reward. No! peace which passeth understanding has been mine, as from time to time I have preached the deathless truths of salvation to my fellow men, and marked the penitential tear starting from their eyes. Jesus is a good paymaster."

SALVATION JESUS! A LIFE BURY.

"Thank God for that bit of a plank," said a poor sailor, who had fallen overboard at sea, and was huffing the waves while prepared to die, trying to rescue him, as he seized a piece of board thrown by a companion. And so it effects, said the Secretary of Foreign Missions, when after retiring from a public meeting in New York, where he had been stinging the pecuniary embarrassments and trials of the Executive Committee, a good brother followed him, and after inquiring the amount of salary allowed a certain missionary, whose recent appointment was mentioned, said, "I will take him upon my shoulders. Look to me for his salary annually." "That bit of a plank" will hold our head out of water long enough to breathe, and aid us to catch another, if thrown soon. Fifty more "planks" will keep us floating without danger. Are there not fifty persons who will become responsible for one hundred dollars each? payable on or before the last week in March? Who will throw us "planks?" No. 2, 3, 4, etc.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Elder Richard Fuller's Sermon.

This sermon had been so extravagantly eulogized in certain quarters, it was thought best to copy it into the Reflector whole, that our readers might judge for themselves of its merits and see what sort of discourses obtain the highest praise from certain presses, if they only come from the south.—We have thought of taking a brief notice of both the literature and the general character of the discourse, touching such words as "decadent" and looking at the long string of tautological exclamations which constitute no small portion of this remarkable production; but an enumeration of its faults would occupy more room than we can spare. Our readers have had the whole, and we shall not be censured for letting the sermon speak for itself.

Cannon st. Bap. S. S. per. J. Haviland, Tr. 5; Stanton st. Female Miss. Soc. per. Mrs. C. Phelps, Tr. per Cor. Sec. 10; 32; John and Margaret Martin, Montgomery, Orange co., 5 each, 10; collection at Queensbury, per Rev. R. Winchell, agent, \$50; Total, \$133 82.

NEW JERSEY.
Mrs. Ann Mott, Claudwell, per Cor. Sec. \$1.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Collections by Rev. O. Briggs, Agent; Samuel F. Walker, Marcus Hook, 5; John P. Crozier, Penna Grove, P. O., 12. Total \$17.

VIRGINIA.

Collections by Rev. Otis Briggs, agent:

ILLINOIS.

Northern Illinois Association, per. T. Hin-ton, Sec. \$75.

Total receipts for October, \$598 50.

R. W. MARTIN, Treasurer.

MONROE REPORT.

During the month of October only two mis-sionary appointments were made by the Executive Committee, viz. 1 to North Carolina, and 1 to Iowa Territory; and 5 applications for aid were laid over on account of deficiency of funds in the treasury.

Will the friends of Home Missions once more read the "Circular" of the Executive Committee of October 15th, 1841; which has been published in nearly all the Baptist papers? And will they not, when told, month after month, of applications for aid which cannot be granted for want of funds, speedily send us supplies?

BENJAMIN M. HILL, Cor. Sec.

*\$140 of the above collections, by Rev. R. Winchell, were acknowledged, (without the donor's name) in the Report for September.

Christian Reflector.

"Charity rejoiceth in the Truth."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1841.

Meeting of the Board.

An adjourned meeting of the present Board will be held at the Editor's office at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Friday, Nov. 26.—1841. CHARLES HERSEY, Sec.

1st Annual Meeting of Stockholders.

The Annual meeting of Stockholders of the Christian Reflector Association occurs next Wednesday, the first day of December. The members are requested to take particular notice of the date and to be present punctually at 2 o'clock, P. M. at the office of the Editor in Worcester.

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To Agents.

Agents for the Christian Reflector, and all of its friends are earnestly requested to exert themselves without delay to obtain New Subscribers, and to send in the names, that we may be able to determine on the number of copies to be printed at the beginning of the fifth volume.

For terms see first page.

Thanksgiving.

Verily, the People of New England and other free states, who are expecting to appear before God tomorrow in the forms of public Thanksgiving, have ample motives for presenting unto their Great Benefactor the sincerest and most fervent gratitude, whether they consider the liberty they enjoy, the abundance of temporal good things with which their wants are supplied, the means of intellectual culture so freely diffused through all classes of the community, or the rich spiritual blessings put into their hands in the form of divine Revelation.

On these topics we might easily comment at great length. To feel—and to feel deeply our debt of gratitude, however, we need only contrast our condition with that of the vast majority of our race and to remember that our sins have annihilated every claim, unfeeling creatures might prefer to the kind regards of their Creator whom they had never once offended, but had always delighted to honor by their perfect obedience.

The subjects of despotic governments suffer privations of which we know nothing, except in description—the slaves weep and sigh and groan with scarcely an alleviating circumstance, under extreme privations, in darkness, exposed to insult and abuse and most cruel and shameful inflictions, torn from the dearest objects of their love, and made and treated as beasts of burden.—Here we may begin to contemplate the contrast and pursue it to an extent which will convince us that our guilt is extreme, if we are ungrateful;—and we may, possibly, begin to suspect that, towards the subjects of such privation and positive suffering, the goodness of God to us requires some deeds of benevolence at our hands. Whoever will think somewhat seriously on these things, will not need from our pen a long homily on the duties of Thanksgiving, or an earnest exhortation to be merciful to their heavenly Father is merciful.

SAVANNAH. A LIFE BURY.

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BENJAMIN M. HILL, Cor. Sec.

TERMINUS'S REPORT.

Receipts into the Treasury of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, from October 1st to November 1st, 1841.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Collection in Second Baptist Church, W. Springfield, per. Rev. R. Winchell, agent, \$9 49; Rev. Benjamin P. Willard, W. Springfield, in part of life membership, do. 5. Total \$14 59.

CONNECTICUT.

Collection by the Rev. R. Winchell, agent: Collection in Baptist Church, Essex, \$7 61; donation from do., 26; Rev. Erastus Denison, Groton, in part of life membership, 6; ladies of the Bapt. Ch. New London, to make Rev. H. R. Knapp, their pastor, a life member, 30; Collection of the same Church, 25 50; Mr. Daniel Lacham, of the same Church, 100; collection at the Hartford Asso., 15 68; a Friend, at the same place, 25 cts; col. at Middletown, 25 90, three ladies of the Church at Cabotsville, by Rev. J. G. Warren, their pastor, 1 20; Baptist Church at Canton, in part of life membership, for Rev. Geo. B. Atwell, their pastor, 1; Baptist Church at Bristol, towards making their pastor, Rev. Mr. Squires, a life member, 12 25; Rev. O. Allen, of the same place, 1. Total \$252 59.

NEW YORK.

John A. Miller, New York, to const. Rev. J. L. Dodge, his director, per Cor. Sec., 100;

CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

father to be "a servant of servants unto his brethren," "Cush, Mizraim and Put?" See Gen. ix: 25; Stanton st. Female Miss. Soc. per. Mrs. C. Phelps, Tr. per Cor. Sec. 10; 32; John and Margaret Martin, Montgomery, Orange co., 5 each, 10; collection at Queensbury, per Rev. R. Winchell, agent, \$50; Total, \$133 82.

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If the words of Noah are to be regarded as a prophecy under divine inspiration, how has that prophecy been accomplished, reading the passage as it ought to be read?

We make these enquiries, because a portion of scripture so long misread and misinterpreted, ought to be read and interpreted correctly.

Charges against the Board "Refuted."

The following communication from brother Colver cannot fail of being read with interested attention. We did insert an extract from the Christian Watchman, last week, and did call its correctness in question. Brother Colver being the individual alluded to in that extract, it is very suitable that he has opportunity to defend himself against the imputation of having preferred unfounded charges against the Baptist Board of foreign missions, before the Baptist Convention of the state of Maine.

Before we left home on our Western tour, we furnished our readers with ample evidence to sustain the charges which the Watchman says have been refuted. When at the Convention at Hamilton, N. Y., we had the satisfaction of hearing a letter read to that body by Professor Eaton from Eli. S. H. Cone, of N. Y., in which the writer, at the same time that he accused us of being "all wrong" in the statements we had made, relative to the preparatory doings of himself and others at Baltimore, went on to state that part of what (H. S. H. C.) did take in those preliminaries which resulted in pacifying the fiery Southerners, and in so stating, he admitted the truth of every statement we had made. Accordingly, we took the opportunity, immediately after the reading of that letter, to express to the Convention the pleasure we experienced in having our statements so fully confirmed by the letter from Mr. Cone. If Prof. Eaton will forward to us a copy of said letter, we shall lay it before our readers with equal pleasure.

The grand difficulty in this whole discussion, lies in the error of our opponents in mistaking their own denial of "the charges," without proof, for a triumphant refutation.

So strongly inclined to such a course have some of them become, that they can both deny and admit in the same self-same letter, or speech, without seeming to apprehend any danger of the absurdity observed. Infatuation like this requires a more than ordinarily startling exposure, to arouse the delinquent to a sense of his actual condition; and we indulge some measure of hope that the statement and argument on which brother C. has entered, will bring all parties concerned to a knowledge and "acknowledgment of the truth." Vain will be every attempt to hide the iniquity, not to say, the perfidy, of the Baltimore *pacification* scheme. So much as the answer of Gen. Garrison to the electors in favor of his plan, pledged his official administration and character to that measure!

That the signs of those documents obtained their election by *FRAUD*, inasmuch as the signing of those documents was the condition on which Southern votes were procured. If those documents did not mean what the South in the caucus with them in which they were ratified and signed) were given to understand them, then the South were imposed upon. On the other hand, if they did mean what, indeed, appears upon their face, and what the South say they meant, then the Northern voters who were not permitted to be privy to the *pacification* scheme, were unconscious that some of the very men for whom they were voting had signed documents pronouncing their condemnation as the stipulated condition of procuring the votes of Slaveholders, were subjects of deception and imposition. And, lastly, if was charged that the South then in the caucus with them in which they were ratified and signed) were given to understand them, then the South were imposed upon.

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CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

Some good timely Thoughts.

It is a favorite remark of foreigners, upon visiting this country, and observing our habits and institutions, that, in America every thing which offers itself for public patronage, must be first subjected to the test question, "What's the use?" This has been regarded as a grave charge against American character. And many of our countrymen have joined our foreign traders in their hue and cry against this "narrow policy;" while some would fain meet the charge, by denying its truth. But neither class is right. Not only should we admit the charge, but we should glory in it, as the highest compliment which can be paid to our national character. It should be better deserved than it is. It is this *cui bono* spirit which has given us our high position among nations. It is this which has given us that energy and activity, which excite the wonder of all who behold, while they ridicule the cause of the effects which they admire. It is because this spirit is not better developed, that we are not more prosperous. Were everything useful approved, and every thing useless condemned, the thousand causes which are crippling our strength, prostrating our morals, and consequently our happiness and prosperity, would long ago have been exterminated, or never have existed. Instead, then, of regretting that there is so much cause for the charge to which I have referred, let our only regret be, that the charge is not more true, and our aim to make the principle which is the object of this censure, more eminently a characteristic of our national policy. This principle has been carried, in some instances, without doubt, to an unwarrantable limit. Not that the question, What is the use? has been asked too often; but the answer has frequently been partial and illiberal, denying the utility of many results, which may and should be defended, as conducive to individual and social advantage.

Evangelist.

Importance of Music.

Whence the universal desire to interpret literally the language of revelation, when it speaks of allusions, of the burning row as accompanied by harps? Whether this language is figurative or not, is not necessary to the argument. How different the no less lively images which depict the employment of those who left their first habitation. How inconsistent it has been to mingle music with their curse. We must suppose that they left their harps as well as crowns in heaven. By universal consent, music has at her beck, every passion of the mind. "At the blast of her trumpet, millions rush forth to die; at the peal of her organ, uncounted nations sink down to pray." Now this universal belief in the influence of music is sufficient to establish the fact of such influence, for this is a case in which men derive their opinion from facts, and cannot be, for a long time, or to any extent, mistaken. But the best method of determining whether the opinion is correctly drawn, is to examine the facts themselves. These, however, are so numerous and well known, that an enumeration is neither possible nor necessary. But what must be the nature and strength of the influence which causes the soldier to endure, without a murmur, the fatigue of the march and the horrors of the battle? which fortifies the mind against every assault of skepticism? which prevents the assassin from accomplishing his purpose, and drives him a penitent to the feet of his intended victim, to confess his crime and implore forgiveness? which starts the monarch and his assembled nobility to their feet in adoration of the Eternal? It is true that music is often employed by wicked men to serve their purposes. But so has the Bible, so has everything beautiful and good been perverted. Music is just as much turned aside from her legitimate calling, when employed by the devil, as the Scriptures, when he used them to tempt our Lord. The tones of anger, hatred and revenge, any of our bad passions, are not in her vocabulary. Perhaps the very best means to cure a sour temper, is to sing when the evil spirit is upon us. It may be thought that I have an ugly difficulty in the way of this—the general petulance of musicians. I meet the difficulty by denying the fact. Not but that instances of such peevishness are too common; but this is one of the cases in which it is easy to mistake the exceptions for the general rule, not that they are so numerous, but because they strike us more forcibly from the fact that they are unexpected. How often is the musical pun played off at the expense of such petulant characters. Music is a subject, upon which, above all others, we should expect harmony instead of discord, without reflecting that this very remark gives the clue to the seeming mystery. So far as my observation extends, the proportion of such fretful musicians to the whole, is the smallest possible fraction. I can think of but one, among a large number with whom I am acquainted, who is not noted for good rather than ill nature; and he is so unfortunate as to have the dyspepsia, a disease which, from all that I have heard of it, seems sufficient to make a lamb cross. Where instances of this asperity of temper are found among musicians, they are attributable ordinarily to ill health, or to the employments in which they are engaged. It is almost a physical impossibility for one who earns his daily bread by teaching music, to keep his temper under perfect control. This is true of those who are employed in teaching the elements of every art; but in music, the draft upon the nerves is greater than in any other. One who has been occupied in teaching, will always be more disposed to pity than to blame the irritable musician. The truth is, we cannot safely devote ourselves exclusively to a single employment. One who spent his whole time in reading the Bible, would soon unfit himself for the discharge of his duties to God and man.

I might enumerate among the advantages which would be gained from the extensive cultivation of music, the influence of singing upon the health. It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, (and his opinion is law on this subject,) "that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many kinds of salubrious exercise, is to be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. I here introduce a fact, which has been suggested to me by my profession, that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one instance of spitting blood among them. This is, I believe, in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education."

Evangelist.

General Intelligence.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

The steam ship Caledonia, Capt. Lett, arrived at this port on Thursday afternoon, after a short passage from Liverpool of 14 days, including her stoppage at Halifax. She was telegraphed at about half past 4, and arrived at the wharf at East Boston soon after 6 o'clock. By her we have received our files of papers, from Liverpool to the 4th, and from London to the 3d inst., being 12 days later than those received by the Great Western.

The expectations of an heir to the throne were becoming daily more eager, in encouraging every rumor, which promised the immediate prospect of the event. On the 27th, the Globe published an account of the illness of the Queen, which prepared the ears of the citizens of London for the momentary expectation of the firing of the Tower guns.

The Globe had made arrangements by which it promised to inform its readers of the event, in anticipation of the firing of the guns. Expectation, however, was disappointed, and the papers of the 31st contain the official notice of a Court held by the Queen, at which several noblemen and gentlemen had audience, and also notice of the Queen with Prince Albert, taking an airing in an open carriage and four.

Sir Charles Bagot, the Governor General of Canada, and the North American Provinces, had returned to England, was still in London on the 3d, and had an interview with Lord Stanley at the Colonial Office on the 2d. It will be recollect that he sailed for Halifax in the Sixty steamer before the departure of Britain. The steamer put into Cork harbor on account of the severe westerly gales, and in coming out of the harbor, she carried away her connecting rod, and otherwise damaged her machinery. She, consequently, returned to Portsmouth, where she arrived on the 1st, and Sir Charles immediately proceeded to London. It was proposed that he should be carried out in one of the Cunard steamers to Halifax, and thence to Quebec, but the apprehension that the weather might detain the vessel for the winter, caused the intention to be abandoned. It was said that Sir Charles was to embark in the Illustrious.

CONSPIRACY IN BELGIUM. A conspiracy having for its object the re-union of Belgium and Holland, had been detected in Brussels. The cities of Ghent, Bruges, and other portions of Belgium engaged in manufactures, having lost by the revolution their trade with the new Colonies, have long been in a state of dissatisfaction towards the new Government, which was on the point of breaking out when the plot was discovered and brought to an end.

Ramifications of the conspiracy existed among the discontented at Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, and Liege.

Lord Ellenborough, the newly appointed Governor of India, was to leave England for Calcutta on the 6th.

FIRE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON. On Saturday night, Oct. 30, a fire broke out in the armor of the Tower which was in the magnificent building called the grand Store-house. The small armory with its contents, consisting of a great quantity of arms and trophies of various kinds captured from foreign enemies, and 200,000 stand of arms was destroyed. The building was of brick and hewn stone, 345 feet in length and 60 feet in breadth, and on the lower floor of it was the small armory. The fire broke out at half past 10, under the euph of the Round Tower. The alarm was immediately spread, and great excitement prevailed. The Tower engines were immediately brought to the spot, and soon after other engines from the city, but it was with difficulty that they could be brought to bear upon the height of the Round Tower.

It was at first hoped that the destruction might be confined to the Round Tower, but it soon communicated to the roof of the Armory. It was soon found a hopeless attempt to save that building, and attention was directed to saving as many of the arms and valuables as possible. At 90 minutes past 11, the flames were issuing from every part of the roof, and soon shot up to an alarming height.—At 1 o'clock, the Clock Tower fell in with a tremendous crash. Great efforts were made for the preservation of the White Tower, and the Church of St. Peter, which proved successful.

The Jewel Tower next attracted the attention of the authorities, the wind having somewhat shifted, blew the flames in that direction, and its destruction appeared inevitable. On this circumstance reaching the ears of the Governor, Major Ellington, he instantly directed the warders to break it open at all risks, secure the regalia and Crown jewels, and bring them at once to him. To effect this crowbars were found to be indispensable. Mr. Swift, the master of the Jewel Tower, who was sent for, was found to be in possession of the key of the outer room only, the other keys to those valuable being in the possession of the Lord Chamberlain. On gaining an entrance much farther difficulty presented itself in the removal of the strong iron railing with which the diamonds, &c., were surrounded. After a lapse of about 20 minutes it was effected, and a most extraordinary scene presented itself, the warders carrying crowns, sceptres, and other valuables of royalty, between groups of soldiers, police, firemen, and others from the Jewel Tower to the Governor's residence, which is situated at the very extreme of the green. None, however, sustained the slightest injury, and by dint of most prompt exertion the Jewel Tower itself was saved.

At 2 o'clock, the fire was at its greatest height, and at 3 it began to subside. The main building of the Tower was in great danger, and copious streams of water were poured into it in every direction, and it was not until 4 or 5 o'clock, that all danger of a further spread of the conflagration was at an end. The value of the property destroyed was estimated to exceed a million sterling.

A French Army of Observation had been formed among musicians, they are attributable ordinarily to ill health, or to the employments in which they are engaged. It is almost a physical impossibility for one who earns his daily bread by teaching music, to keep his temper under perfect control. This is true of those who are employed in teaching the elements of every art; but in music, the draft upon the nerves is greater than in any other. One who has been occupied in teaching, will always be more disposed to pity than to blame the irritable musician.

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Evangelist.

between Arles and Tarascon. The latter town was inundated, but the waters had begun to decrease.—The Prefect of the Gard had caused bread to be distributed to those persons who suffered most by the floods. At Avignon the waters, after having fallen increased again. The greater part of the embankments in that neighborhood were broken down.—The inundation had already reached the height of that which occurred in 1827.

The German Journal of Frankfort, publishes an ordinance of the King of Prussia, giving a sum of £15,000, of which the intent is to go to defray half the stipend of a Protestant Bishop, to be established at Jerusalem, in concert with England. The interest to be paid to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London; but if lands can be bought in Palestine to establish the donation, then the capital will be paid to these prelates. The date is Nov. 1841, Oct. 6, 1841.

The writer of the following is personally known to us. He is a Presbyterian minister of talents, but alas! he is a friend of the poor!—*N. E. Advocate.*

From the Ripley Telegraph.
Letter from Mr. Rankin.

Mr. Edwards.—Sir: As various false reports are in circulation respecting the recent attack made upon me by midnight assassins, perhaps it may be interesting to the public to have a statement of the facts in the case, and such I shall now give.

Soon after the assassination of the colored abolitionists in Cincinnati, reports reached me that the mobocrats of that city were threatening to come to Ripley and tear down my house. Similar threats were reported as having been made in different places in Kentucky and also in Ohio. Little danger was apprehended, yet it was thought prudent to provide the means of defense, and a number of firearms were accordingly provided; and my family being very large, I had the means of using them if necessity required. Some degree of watchfulness was kept up. On Sabbath the 12th last, a little before midnight, one of my sons heard a low whistle, he looked out of the window, and saw a man pull his head around the corner of the house. He and a nephew of mine slept with him, seized each two loaded pistols and ran out with their shirts and pantaloons, without so much as waiting to put on their shoes; they paraded and took opposite directions around the house. My son ran to the corner where he saw the man, and came suddenly upon him and spoke to him, and received a pistol shot for answer, which barely missed taking his life. I took his shirt from the top of his left shoulder. This shot, had it been received in the throat must have been fatal. My son instantly returned the fire, he cried murder and fled. The probability is that he was wounded. By the time my son had extinguished the fire in his shirt, my nephew had fallen before him, when another man fired upon him, but without effect, he returned the fire, and from the doubtful shrik given, it is inferred that a wound was inflicted; and he fled off more slowly than his fellow. Six or seven shots passed in a few seconds. Four other men were seen at my barn, who also fled. My son and nephew pursued some distance, but not having their shoes, could make but little speed over the rough ground, and therefore turned into town to give the citizens notice, that they might aid in case of another attack, and also in searching after those who had already committed violence. Many of the citizens, with commendable readiness, came to assist. Search was made, but without success; the ruffians had shielded themselves under the darkness of the night. No further interruptions occurred. Search was made to see if an attempt had been made to fire my barn, and at the place where the four men had been seen, some combustible materials were found laid against the barn; fire had been put to them, but in consequence of the night's dampness, and not having sufficiently kindled, it had gone out. The incendiaries had sufficient time to get away.

Then I was attacked at midnight with fire and weapons of death, and nothing but the good providence of God has preserved my property from flames, and myself and family from violence and death. And why? Have I wronged any one?—No, but I am an ABOLITIONIST. I teach the doctrine that "All men are born equally free and independent—that we must love our neighbors as ourselves—that to buy, to sell, and hold human beings as property is sin." I do not recognize the slaveholder's right to flesh and blood, and souls of men and women. For this I must be proscribed, my property burnt, and my life put in jeopardy!—I am charged with feeding the hungry and clothing the naked;—the poor man, white or black, has never been turned away empty from my door. And, for this I must stand guard over my property and family while others sleep in safety. Have I ever merited anything but good from the community in which I live? Can any person say that I have not labored to promote the best interests of all classes of men? Why then am I beset with armed men around my house at midnight? Because I am an ABOLITIONIST! These men came to sustain the slaveholder's claim to human beings as property. Such defense well becomes the dark system of slavery.

Now I desire all men to know that I am not deterred from what I believe to be my duty by fire and sword. I also wish to know that I feel it my duty to defend my HOME to the uttermost, and that it is as much a duty to shoot the midnight assassin in his attacks as it is to pray. I therefore warn all persons to beware looking about my house and barn at night. When I am put upon the necessity of standing guard over my family and property, I shall not do it in vain.

JONH RANKIN.
Riley Register.

CLOVER-FOOTED LAWS.—The woman who was sold for \$8000, was bought by her husband, a free colored man. He was undoubtedly compelled to bid so high by some villains, who sought thus either to rob him of his wife, or to make him pay well for the privilege of freedom. Can any thing be more vile and detestable than the principles involved in this transaction? Is it not a burning shame to any State where such a system is suffered to exist, and is defended by legislation? The cruelty of such a transaction is transcendantly atrocious.—*Cincinnati Microscope.*

EASTON.—On yesterday forenoon we went into the new Baptist meeting house on the corner of Elm and Seventh street, with the intention of hearing Mr. Lynd preach the dedication sermon. The house was filled to the overflowing, and Dr. Brisbane in the act of reading the first hymn, when the door suddenly gave way and sank about a foot. Great alarm was felt by the congregation, but owing to the presence of mind in preventing a sudden rush being made to the door, the congregation, walked out quietly without any injury. The damage will be repaired by next Sabbath, when service will be performed.

Cincinnati Microscope.

DETROIT ON THE CANAL. One hundred and ten boats were delayed yesterday, at one time between this city and the Junction, on account of the impossibility of passing the locks as fast as fresh clearances were made below. They formed a line one mile and a half in length. Next spring the new double locks of the enlarged canal will be ready for use, and then boats can pass up and down at the same time, and thus the present delays be prevented.

TRENTON.—In the notice of the rates of fare established on the Western, and Boston and Worcester Rail Roads, from Boston to Albany, Pittsfield, &c., it was stated that the second class rates will be half those rates. It should have been two-thirds the rates mentioned, viz.—first class fare to Albany, \$5.50; second class, \$3.00 2-3, &c.—*Boston Advertiser.*

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Poetry.

Original.

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."—JENOVAH.

Yes—set the wretched bondman free,
Undo the chain of slavery;
Proclaim, the Jubilee year is come,
Begin the strain at Washington.

Then, onward let it swiftly glide,
Strong as Niagara's mighty tide!—
That on its bosom—o'er its wave—
Be seen no more the hunted slave.

When Egypt's monarch felt the rod,
By Moses—brought, from Israel's God;
His wrath no other vent could find,
But on his slaves fresh burdens bind.

Did Pharaoh's wrath, o'er power, or skill,
Put fetters on Jehovah's will?
His fury gave the very stroke,
That freed them from the Egyptian's yoke.

And shall our favored country be
O'erwhelmed like Pharaoh in the sea?
He with his hosts defied the flood—
But here would be a sea of blood.

How long, oh Slavery! will thy face
In Freedom's halls retain a place?
How long my country dare the rod
Forth coming from the hand of God.

Nunda, N. Y. 1841. M. W. C.

How blest the man whose generous heart,
With pity and compassion glows;
Who scorns to set the oppressor's part—
Whose tears are shed for others' woes!

The Savior left those realms so bright,
To bleed and die for sinful man:
Shall Christians, then, withhold the light—
Hide from the slave Redemption's plan?

Shall those redeemed from sin's abyss,
To triumph in redeeming grace,
Refuse the cup of perfect bliss,
To Africa's poor benighted race?

No, never! while our lips can move,
We'll pray for those poor helpless ones;
Till God the oppressor melt to love—
The chains unbind from slavery's sins.

M. W. C.

Winter.

BY MRS. CATHERINE F. ESLING.

A sigh for the leafless trees,
A sigh for the lonely wood,
And a swift career to the passing breeze,
And its stormy breath so rude.

Thou art come like a warrior brave,
To a battle just begun;
And for trophies thou hast brought the grave,
And a cold and chilling sun.

See the stricken leaves look down
From the populous branch to thee,
And they wither at thy angry frown,
For it is their destiny.

Like a monarch in his might,
Or a conqueror in the field,
Thou hast put the routed ranks to flight,
And hast made the vassals yield.

And how proudly o'er the slain
Do thy giant footsteppes tread,
But vaunt not thou, for thy tyrant reign
Is over the feeble dead.

Away on thy wings of pride,
Thou hoary and aged king,
For thy white locks may not long abide
Where thou now art journeying.

Then sigh for the leafless trees,
And sigh for the lonely wood,
And a swift career to the passing breeze,
With its stormy breath so rude.

From the Christian Secretary.

Mr. Editor.—The following scrap of poetry I cut from an old newspaper. As descriptive of that imperishable form of human affection, "A mother's love" it strikes me as being "beautiful exceedingly." If you think with me, you will probably insert it in your valuable paper.

A Mother's Love.

—He stood alone—should and hated thing.
For he had been an outcast on the world
And every villager had heard the tale.

That stamped his brow with stain of infamy
And knew the guilt that now, with keen remorse,
Gnawed at his heart with ceaseless tooth of anguish,
Disease was preying on him; and he came

To lay his wearied and worn out frame
Beside his buried father.—His glassy eye,
And pale and withered cheek and hallow voice
Told that his days were numbered. And the pain

Of parting life—the torture of the mind,
Came in a sleepless night, and feverish day
Till wasted life just glimmered ere it died,

And yet none heeded these his aching pains.
The world "passed by upon the other side,"
And left him to his fate. All save one—
And she, in her old age, watched by his couch

And wiped the clammy sweat from his cold brow.
She alone had welcomed his return, and now

She sat by her poor boy, to cheer the hours
When chilling darkness came upon his soul,
Nor thought of her own weakness while she held
His aching brow upon her throbbing breast.

The lamp of life went out.—And then she bore
The wasted form of him she once had loved,
And laid him by his father.

There would she wander when the dewy eve
Had spread her sober mantle o'er the world,
And sit and weep alone. 'Twas her only son
That lay beneath that moulderling pile of earth,
And she forgot the errors of his life,

And thought alone of what was lovely.
She thought of him, the infant in her lap,
And heard his artless prattle—and she saw

The sunny tinkle as they sportive played
Over his bright brow, in Childhood's summer hours.
She thought how proudly she had loved to dwell
Upon the opening manhood of her child,
And of the hopes a mother only knows.

CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

She thought of these and wept, and laid her head
On the cold earth that pressed upon her boy,
And wished her aged widowed heart was bushed
Within the quiet grave wherein he slept.—
—Oh! if these be within the human heart

A feeling holier than all else beside,

It is the love that warms a mother's breast,

E'en for a sinning child—the only tie

That death alone can sever, and is felt

Till the last throb of feeling is at rest.

Miscellany.

Unwritten Music.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

There is unwritten Music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake, and my waking sense is surprised sometimes by my sleeping—though that is a mystery. There is it to the serenity mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You realize my am of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought and comes only when it is remembered.

Then, for the music of Winter. I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serene mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You realize my am of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost too has a melodious "ministry."

You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground, and you listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. Heaven has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the "morning stars sang together."

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of the early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist; and, when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like earing jewels between the firmaments of the cedar tassels and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks, and, if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places like well set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and will drop at the lightest motion. If you go along the south side of the wood at that hour you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the hard round drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes but in nature with his heart open, it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sultry and fitful murmur under their frozen surface; the ice in the distant river leaves up with the swell of the current and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo, and the woodman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unbroken forest.—These are, at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in heaven's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the scenes that link up the seasons, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide us from the outward idols in whose worship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars.

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The music of church-bells has become a master of poetry. Thomas Moore—whose mere sense of beauty is making him religious, and who knows better than any other man what is beautiful—has sung "those evening bells" in some of the most melodious of his elaborate stanzas. I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church-bells in a town of Italy, which had become famous all over Europe for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian artisan, and were his heart's pride. During the war, the place was sacked, and the bells carried off, not one knew whither. After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work; but it had been the sole of his life to wander about at evening and listen to the chime of his bells, and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them till he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander over the world and hear them once again before he died. He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter and he knew at last that he was dying. He lay one evening in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine, almost insensible and scarce expecting to see the sun rise again, that was now setting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently, the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring, and as the chimes stole faintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. He was not mistaken: it was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells; and the sounds that had thrilled for years to hear, were melting over the water. He leaned from the boat, with his ear close to the calm surface of the river, and listened. Then, sang out their hymn and ceased—and he still lay motionless in his painful posture. His companions spoke to him, but he gave no answer—his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper chime.

Now if you would hear one of Nature's most various and delicate harmonies, lie down in the edge of the wood when the evening breeze begins to stir, and listen to its coming. It touches first the silver boughs of the birch, and the slightly hung leaves, at its nearest breath, will stir and rustle like a thousand tiny wings, and then it creeps up to the tall fir, and the fine tassels send out a sound like a low whisper, and, as the oak feels its influence, the thick leaves stir heavily, and a deep tone comes suddenly out like the echo of a far-off bassoon. They are all wind-bells of power, and as the breeze strengthens and sweeps equally over them all, their united harmony has a wonderful grandeur and beauty.

Then what is more soothing than the dropping of the rain? You should have slept in a garret to know how it can lull and bring dreams. How I have lain, when a boy, and listened to the fitful patter of the large drops upon the roof, and held my breath as it grew fainter and fainter, till it ceased utterly, and I heard nothing but the rushing of the strong gush and the rattling of the pines. I used to say over my prayers and think of the apples I had stolen then! But were you ever out fishing upon a lake in a smart shower? It is like the playing of musical glasses.

The drops ring out with a clear, bell-like tint, following each other sometimes so closely that it resembles the winding of a distant horn; and then, in the momentary intervals, the bursting of the thousand tiny bubbles comes stealthily on your ear, more like the recollection of a sound than a distinct murmur. Not that I fish; I was ever a smilky-heated boy, and had a foolish notion that there was pain in the restlessness of those panting and beautiful creatures; but I loved to go out with the old men when the day set in with rain, and lie dreamily over the gunwale listening to the changes of which I have spoken. It had a quieting effect on my temper, and stilled for a while the uneasiness of that vague longing that is like a fever at a boy's heart.

There is a melancholy music in Autumn.—The leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolation, wavering capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound that is a very sign for sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher—though the early autumn moods are mostly still—they are swept on with a cheerful rustic over the naked harvest fields and about in the eddies of the blast; and though I have sometimes, in the glow of exercise felt my life secure in the triumph of the brave con-

tract, yet in the chill of evening, or when any sickness of mind or body was upon me, the moaning of those withered leaves has pressed down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire and the voices of many sisters might scarce remove it.

Then, for the music of Winter. I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serene mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You realize my am of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost too has a melodious "ministry."

You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground, and you listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. Heaven has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the "morning stars sang together."

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You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the